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absence of these qualities, so essential to the successful novelist, the writer finds his ingenuity severely taxed in his attempts to secure and hold the reader's attention. Our fair authors, however, have nothing to fear on this score. They have gained a well-merited reputation at home and abroad, and, unlike a majority of our lady novelists, have done something substantial for our literature. They have written intelligently, discovered a deep study of the character of the people they described, as well as a practical knowledge of the physical and moral condition of those whom they aimed to improve. They have gained the victory they wrote for, and their works will be treasured as household words where virtue is valued most.

THIRTY YEARS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS; or, The Adventures of Sir John Franklin. D. W. Evans & Co., Publishers.

So much of deep and thrilling interest attaches to the life of Sir John Franklin, that the reader finds himself always wanting to know more of his expeditions. The present book, which is got up to suit the reader of moderate means, opens with an interesting description of Sir John's first expedition, and is made up chiefly of extracts from his own dispatches. In that memorable expedition, Sir John was attached to what was called the "land party," and, with a few brave companions, landed at York Factory, in the Hudson's Bay territory, on the 11th of August, 1819. Here they received the assistance of the Hudson's Bay Company, and after a delay of nearly a month, had completed their party of voyageurs, interpreters, and Indians, numbering twenty-seven persons in all, and were ready to proceed northward. They soon found themselves in the desolate wilderness, pushing on through streams and over lakes, and encountering difficulties for which they had made but insufficient preparation, towards the Copper-Mine River. A fine description of the country, as it then appeared, is given. Birds, animals, the habits of the Indians, the perils incident to the life of the trapper and voyageur, are all described with a graphic pen, and read more like romance than reality. Some slight glimpses are also given of the mode in which the Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies carried on their business with the trappers and hunters of those desolate regions. The mode of meeting and overcoming dangers during their passage over rapids, and down rocky streams, have, we doubt not, afforded some of our "thrilling writers" an invaluable amount of stock for their sensation novels. On reaching the Copper-Mine River, (having procured Indian guides and hunters,) they wintered on its banks, and established a fort, which they called Fort Enterprise. This they left as early in the spring as the weather permitted, and, parting company with their Indian guides, proceeded down the river to the Arctic sea, along the shores of which they coasted, in open canoes, as far as Cape Turnagain. It was in the return of this expedition, over the same route, that Sir John and his party suffered hardships that make our blood chill while reading of them, that he saw some of his bravest companions die of hunger, and was himself compelled to sustain life for days and weeks on weeds and pieces of burnt leather. The lover of "the thrilling" will find enough in this book to satisfy his most sanguine demands.

THE GOOD NEWS OF GOD. By Charles Kingsley. D. W. Evans & Co., Publishers.

The author of "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" gives us a taste of his theological qualities in a book of sermons, with the above title, There is no very deep thought evinced in these

sermons, which are nothing more than the overstrained efforts of a good man endeavoring to impress his hearers with the true goodness of God, but diable to bring deep and convincing arguments to his aid. Instead of close reasoning and clear analysis, the writer resorts to metaphor, in the beauty of which he is at times effective. There is in these sermons, however, the outpourings of a great and good heart; and in these the reader will find their greatest value. It seems to us, however, that Mr. Kingsley's literary genius displays itself to better advantage in novels than in sermons. There is strength, and beauty in his description and character drawing, not to be found in his sermons; which makes us regret that he does not give up the gown, and keep steadily to literature:

THE THRONE OF DAVID. (A Scriptural Narrative.) By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LLD. G. G. Evans, Publisher, Philadelphia.

"The Throne of David" is essentially a sensation book, full of gorgeous pictures, exciting scenes, and thrilling events, all from a pen skilled in the art of attracting the reader's attention. What place this book will secure in the world of letters, time will decide. As a scriptural narrative it has undoubtedly effected much good, and is capable of effecting much more. The pencil of the illustrator has been called in to give force to the present work, but his efforts are of the weakest kind. The work is an attempt to illustrate the grandeur of the Hebraic history, when the "people of God" had attained, under the reigns of David and Solomon, the height of their power and glory as a nation.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By George Elliot, author of "Adam Bede," etc. etc. Harper & Brothers.

We cannot say that The Mill on the Floss is a novel of deep and absorbing interest. It is rather a series of pictures of humble life, truthfully painted. So much attention is given to the smallest details, that the whole becomes dull and monotonous. The author seems bent on displaying her extensive knowledge of the moral and physical condition of the humble, which she has evidently studied very thoroughly. But she seems to entirely overlook the value of incident in holding the attention of the reader, and giving her work more attractive features. Her style is terse, and her diction always clear and well chosen. Her pictures, too, are artistically arranged, and her characters talk and move naturally enough; but they talk too much. This is especially so with Tom and Maggie, upon whom the interest of the story hangs. But these are minor faults; and it must be confessed that George Elliot possesses great ability as a writer, and a happy facility of gleaning in the field of her choice.

THE RECTORY OF MORELAND; or, My Duty. A pleasantly written story, with an excellent moral, and may be read with profit by young and old. It is exquisitely printed on tinted paper, and reflects credit on the liberality of the publishers Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston.

THERE are some people whose professions, compared with their performances, remind us of the French national assembly voting eighty-eight accomplished instructors for the eight years old dauphin. He was ultimately intrusted to the care of one cobbler.—Boyes.

MR. M. J. WHIPPLE, No. 35 Cornhill, Boston, will hereafter act as agent for the CRAYON in that city.